

CROSSPIECE



The Parish Magazine of St James's Church, Cambridge

October-November 2012

Issue No. 54 60p



City centre sculpture tribute to veteran fund-raiser
'Snowy' Farr

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Words from the Vicarage

In the last couple of weeks households in the Wulfstan Way area have been asked to fill in a residents survey, including questions such as ‘People say the area lacks a sense of community. How could that be changed, what would you do?’ Or ‘Would you be interested in helping to shape and develop a stronger sense of community in the Wulfstan Way area?’

The survey was initiated by a Community Development Officer who liaises closely with the Queen Edith Community Forum, an informal meeting of community leaders in Queen Edith Ward. We exchange information and ideas about how the local community might be supported and enabled to flourish. Recent initiatives include the publication of the Queen Edith’s Community Newsletter, the Christmas Tree lighting, the Diamond Jubilee event and the environmental fun days outside the Wulfstan Way shops. Their overall aim is to enable the local community to meet and do things together.

We operate with the assumption that a sense of community can make a difference to the quality of people’s lives. People who get to know each other are more likely to look out for one another, to offer support in times of need and to develop friendships, all of which contribute to leading happier and better lives.

For us Christians, community is, of course, a very important idea, as I was reminded during my study leave. I had chosen to focus on liturgy and mission, but soon realised that my topic should have been called liturgy, community and mission, because being community is at the heart of who the church is: a community of love in which faith can be nourished, strangers are welcomed and

people care for each other and the wider community.

At St. James I rejoice in the fact that we are a group of people spanning a wide range of ages – occasionally from 0 to 94, originating from a number of different countries, races, educational and socio-economic backgrounds. We come together to worship God, we eat together and we get to know one another and share important aspects of our journey of faith and life together. There are not many places where young and old from varied backgrounds come together like this. But I wonder if non-church people think of us in this way. In fact, Abbot Stuart Burns concludes in the final chapter of the book *Fresh Expressions (of Church) in the Sacramental Tradition* †: ‘several chapters in this book have highlighted the fact that there is a growing hunger in society for an authentic spirituality. Sadly, the last place most people think of looking for this is in a parish church; but for those who do, what do they find? Do they encounter a group of people on fire with the joy of the Christ-life? Are they met with the eyes of compassion, as people in need were when they met Jesus?’

These are challenging questions, and I hope that those who come to us would feel able to say this is the case, most of the time. In every generation the Church is called to be a community of self-giving love that models an alternative life-style to the world around it.

I pray that we as a church and as people of faith can make a tangible contribution to the development of a sense of community in this neighbourhood.

The Reverend Jutta Brueck

† Croft, Steven and Mobsby, Ian. (eds.), Canterbury press, 2009, p.174

The Editors wish to give a very warm “welcome back” to Jutta, who returned from her three-month study leave on 5th September. We know already that she is invigorated and refreshed, and has many new ideas and insights to share with us. We are truly grateful that we enjoyed such excellent “shepherding” in Jutta’s absence by Geoffrey, our beloved and loyal retired priest, and Stephen, our curate. Many others gave occasional help with services, and of course our churchwardens and other officers worked hard to ensure the

parish continued to run smoothly.

We were reminded by Stephen on Sunday 9th September that this Autumn season is for many a time of new beginnings. We send our prayers and best wishes to all members of our church family who are starting at University (Saskia and George), 6th-form College (Catherine, Christian and Sebastian), or a new school (Anna and Loretta), and all who are starting a new chapter in their lives. We wish them all Godspeed in their new endeavours.

New Associate Priest as St James's Church

The Revd Debbie Ford was licensed as Associate Priest at St James's in a service conducted by Bishop Stephen on Sunday evening 23 September. "Crosspiece" joins the St James congregation in welcoming her to the Parish. Debbie introduces herself below:

Hello!

My name is Debbie Ford and I am delighted to be joining you all at St James, where I have recently been licensed as Associate Priest.

I was born in the USA (where my wider family still live), but my parents moved here when I was two and I have always felt that this (the UK) is my 'first' and spiritual home. I grew up in Oxford and then Birmingham, before moving on to study English at university, only to return to Birmingham a few years later when I unexpectedly met my husband, David. We spent the first ten years of marriage there: I did further study in the Social Sciences and became very involved in an inner city parish where David was church warden – and where each of our children (Rebecca, Rachel and Daniel) were baptised. It was a very happy time, although the last few years were shadowed by the death of our second baby (Grace).

And then Cambridge! We moved here in 1991 and it was quite a culture shock: it took me many months to get used to the fact that walking into town now meant going through meadows and cows rather than high rise tower blocks, graffiti and rubbish! And I was also still grieving and crying out to God with deep, hard questions.

But it was out of the depths of these years that I had a very clear call to priesthood. It was simultaneously a complete shock and a 'coming home,' that suddenly made such sense. Until then (partly because it had not been an option for women in the Church of England, but partly because it was the *last* thing I was ever going to do) it had been 'my father's' vocation – and possibly David's too (although when David was offered the chair as Regius Professor of Divinity at Cambridge, he was clear that ordination was not his calling and that he would be freer to speak in Church, university and society as a layman). I loved studying theology, was ordained in 2003 and served my title with the Anglican Franciscans at St Bene't's Cambridge, where I have stayed until now.

I have had a long term interest in mental health and have been much shaped by the ethos and life of the L'Arche Communities (an international federation of over 140 communities, where people with and without learning difficulties live and share their lives together) and have trained in spiritual direction, counselling and psychotherapy in order to try and understand and help people who are going through it – in whatever shape or form.

For the past five years (and the end of my curacy) I have had a 'portfolio' ministry: 3 days a week as a chaplain at Addenbrookes Hospital and 2 days a week offering counselling and psychotherapy in private practice. I also do a small amount of supervision and spiritual direction. Staying connected at the level of local church, with its deep rhythms of prayer and worship, and rooting everything in the 'wider communion' of the Church, has been vital to my being a chaplain and psychotherapist. It has underpinned the often very 'acute' work in the hospital, and has also given the opportunity to integrate and engage the many issues and questions from that context with the lectionary texts through regular preaching. The balance of life is important to me: I love cooking, art, music, reading, walking, travel, kayaking, swimming, gardening, reading, writing, and time alone as well as with friends and family. And animals! As I write, we are hoping that one of our dogs is going to have puppies at the end of October and our little cat, who disappeared 18 months ago has just come home (via the RSPCA)!

I look forward to getting to know you and have already been touched by your warm and generous welcome.



Debbie

All that glitters is not gold

At the venerable and vulnerable age of 82 some of my oldest friends, friends I have relied on for years, are leaving me, losing touch, some even becoming a bit of a pain and leaving many sad gaps in my life. I am referring to my teeth. The time is not far off when I may -- I emphasise "may" -- have to resort to dentures and, if the cost of a recent crown is anything to go by, I shall soon be selling the *Big Issue* to pay for them. In the south Lancashire mill town where I grew up there was what we would now call a bric-a-brac shop, although it was known in those unsophisticated days as a junk shop. Much more appropriately, there was also, by the way, a shop next door to the Theatre Royal which sold dog fat to use when all other rubbing oils had failed. I imagine it worked wonders for a barking cough. Among the flotsam and jetsam in the junk shop window there were always several pairs of old dentures, rescued from the jaws of death and now recycled, available for anyone to try on, or in, for size. If such a shop existed in Cambridge, when the worst comes to the worst I could save myself a small fortune.

A student nurse, with whom my late wife, Rita, did her training, was asked by an indignant patient where his dentures were. She immediately remembered the difficulty she had just experienced in trying to get a set back into the mouth of someone who had just died. A quick visit to the morgue, the teeth were retrieved, their owner was delighted and no-one was the wiser. Not so for the unfortunate student nurse who was ordered to clean the dentures of all the patients in the ward. She collected them in one large bowl and to the fury of the ward sister they had to be sorted out by trial and error: "Open wide and see if these suit you."

If I become the proud owner of such gnashers, I wonder if my grand-daughter, Claire, now grown up, will react with the same horror as when she discovered Rita's teeth were not her own. The then six-year-old said when we next saw her, "Mummy and Daddy have told me not to say anything, but I can't help it. Is it really true that you take your teeth out at night?"

Both my parents had dentures. My mother had all her teeth extracted as a teenager. She was adamant they were taken out by "cold steel", by

which she meant there had been no anaesthetic. This seems unbelievable, but she insisted that it was true. Having said which, I have unfortunate memories of our town dentist, who was not inappropriately named Mr Payne. Having suffered at his hands I am quite prepared to believe any dental horror tale from that time. Before they were removed, photographs reveal that my father's natural teeth were exceptionally large. "E were all teeth" was how they described him in his youth, so not unnaturally he was very attached to his dentures, which had effected such a transformation for the better. But he couldn't wear them when he was sleeping; they were a bit loose and caused him to choke. One evening in winter he dozed off in front of the blazing fire. A few minutes later the family was alarmed by his coughing, spluttering, gasping and wheezing. Then something whizzed into the fire. It was, we discovered later, his dentures. The next moment to our astonishment he was on his knees in the hearth desperately raking among the burning coals to retrieve what he had thrown in. And he succeeded. Dentures really were dentures in those days. Like Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego they emerged from the fiery furnace and served him faithfully for many more years.

In my childhood the folk in Ashton-under-Lyne believed in calling a spade a spade. I had no idea what dentures were until I was well into my teens. False teeth was the no-nonsense description of the pink and white objects most adults stuck in their mouth each morning on getting up. All of which reminds me of our Lord's words about whited sepulchres. They look wonderful on the outside, but there's nothing much on the inside. False religion like false teeth might be dazzling white. The only trouble is that like them it looks too good to be true.

Geoffrey Howard

Geoffrey, bless him, asks forgiveness from all those readers who might feel sensitive about the subject here, despite our protestations that nobody would!

Eds

A Further Recollection from Life in Uganda 1952 -1964

We conclude the recollections from the early years of Henry and Eileen West's marriage, begun in the August Issue and written shortly before Henry's death in July 2011 — Eds.

In October 1884 King Mtesa of Buganda died and Prince Mwanga, one of his sons and a youth of about seventeen, was elected to succeed him. Mwanga proved to be a weak, capricious and vacillating character, of vicious and uncertain temperament, and there followed a reign of terror against the early Christian missionaries and Muslim representatives at this court. On his order Bishop James Hannington, first Bishop of Easter Equatorial Africa, was murdered in nearby Busoga, and repeated attempts made to terrorise and even to exterminate Buganda's growing Christian community. Anglican youths were executed in January 1885 and a further 45 supporters of Christian missionaries put to death in June 1886.

Amongst all this bloodshed and mayhem a young Muganda boy, Hamu Mukasa, an early Christian convert, somehow avoided or escaped the murderous purge, whereupon Mwanga's soldiers immediately arrested his father to face execution instead. Hearing of his father's arrest, Hamu promptly gave himself up, but surprisingly the unpredictable Mwanga, perhaps impressed by the boy's bravery, changed his mind, ignored his own order and took him as a page boy in the palace.

Thereafter, as Hamu grew to manhood under Mwanga's successor Daudi Chwa he was eventually promoted Ssaza (ie County Chief) and took his seat in the Lukiika or Great Council of Buganda. Of this period it is said of Hamu that he saved the embryonic Scout Movement in Buganda by patiently explaining that the dictionary definition of "Scout" as "Spy" did not accurately convey the general motivation and purpose of the movement. So, with the passage of years, he retained his position as a Christian leader and earned a wholesome reputation and increasing respect amongst his own people

Some sixty-five years after Hamu Mukasa's conversion to Christianity, the two of us sat towards the back of St Paul's Cathedral at Namirembe, Kampala, awaiting the arrival of Dr Geoffrey Fisher, Archbishop of Canterbury, who was com-



Archbishop Geoffrey Fisher consecrates four African bishops

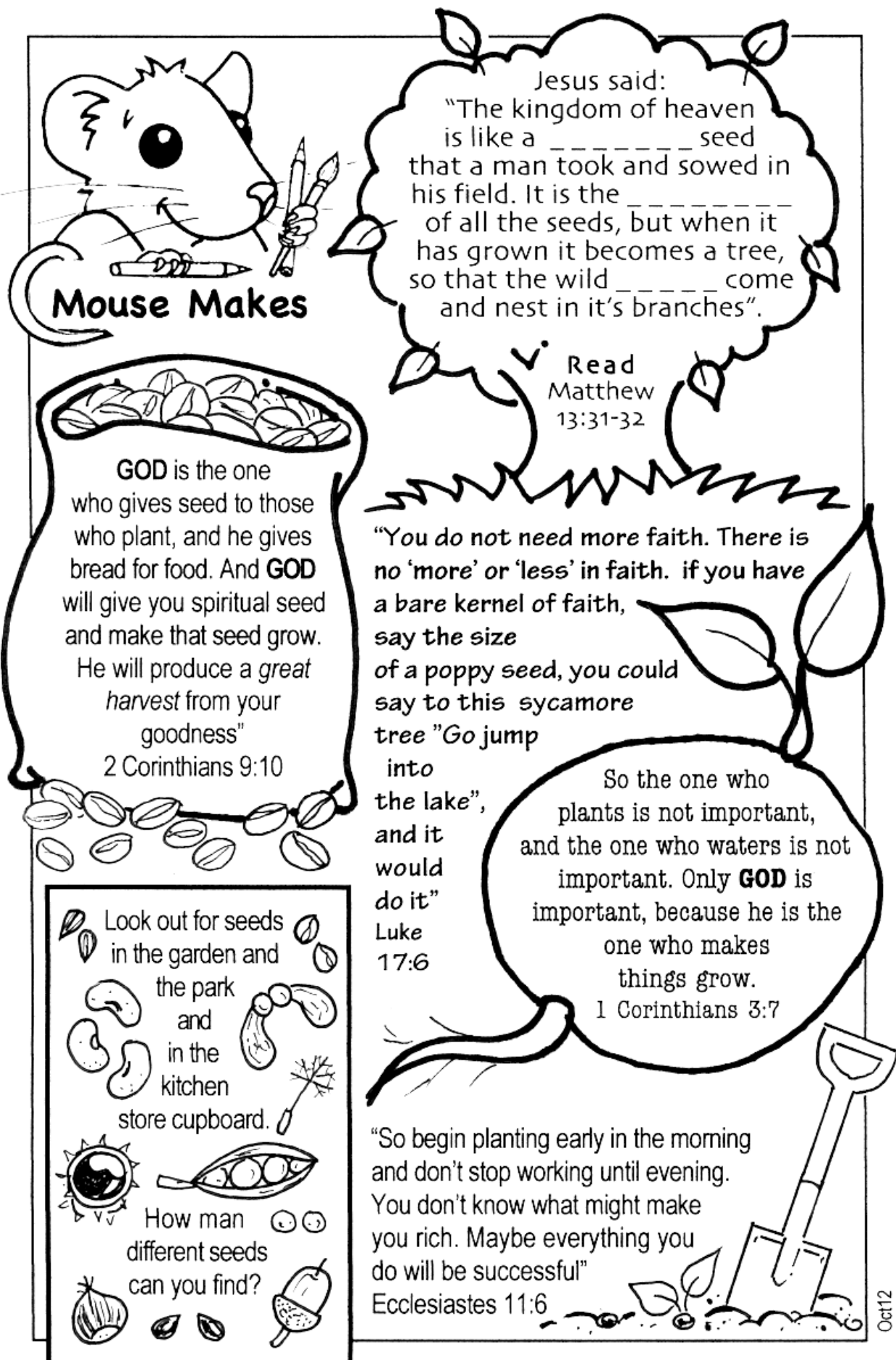
ing to consecrate four new Assistant Bishops, one from the Sudan, two from Kenya and the fourth from Central Tanganyika, as it was designated at that time. Along an adjacent pew came a rather portly figure who eventually settled down with some clattering of walking sticks, and we noticed the stir of interest and attention amongst the assembled congregation. We were increasingly impressed, however, when later in the Eucharist service, two newly consecrated bishops brought the sacrament with evident pleasure and some applause the whole considerable length of Namirembe Cathedral to that same particular figure in the next pew. This is how we, personally, came to identify Hamu Mukasa as the last living link between the conversions and persecutions of Mwanga's reign and the flourishing church of the 1950s. As it happened we later found ourselves living close to his home at Mukono, so we were able to make the occasional polite visit to him, an event not without difficulty as he insisted implacably that all conversation should be in Luganda.

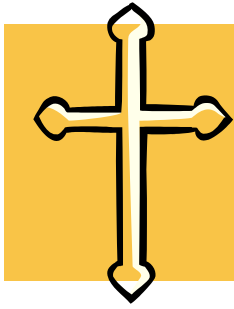
Sadly, it seemed to be only a year or two later that we attended his funeral in Namirembe Cathedral. We were impressed yet again by the throng of people who came to pay their last respects, and we stood silently by as his body was laid to rest in the space deliberately left many years previously between that of his old friend, the steadfast pioneer missionary Mackay, and the empty grave of Uganda's first bishop, James Hannington.

A chapter in the history of the early Church in Uganda was indeed closed that day.

Henry and Eileen West

Children's page





We are sorry to announce that Tony Chapman, aged 92, passed away in his sleep on Sunday night 2 September, after attending the Communion Service that morning. For many years he was organist at St James's Church, having earlier been organist at St John's Church. In retirement Tony maintained a keen interest in local church affairs, particularly those related to music. The piano in our Nave was his donation (in memory of his wife Rita, who pre-deceased him). The funeral was held on Thursday 27 September. A full obituary will be published in our next Issue.



Cartoon by Noel Ford. *Church Times* 31/08/2012

Happily here at St. James we still have more than one dedicated and hard working volunteer. This cartoon may, however, carry a warning: could this be us in some years' time? We have wonderful, versatile, multi-tasking volunteers, but we are all getting older. Several of those who worked tirelessly for many years have died or become too infirm to continue their tasks. There is always a need for more people to contribute their talents, whether as – for instance – flower arrangers or contributors to Crosspiece.

Eds

The Sea

The sea
will always be
a symbol of beauty
and destruction,
of adventure
and seduction.
It breathes
in and out
as the tides go
high and low
and turn about.
It breathes
as the waves break,
make a surge,
become slack
and wash back.

To watch the sea
is to enter
into the meaning
of the tormenter,
to hear the cry
of pleasure,
to hear the keening
and the sigh
for the chaos
and the loss.

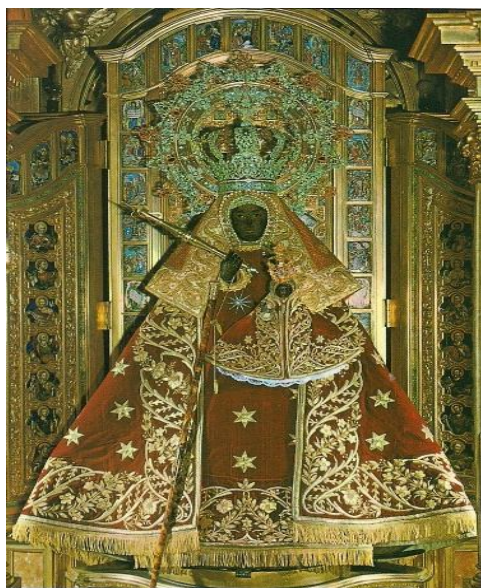
Human breath
is God-given
and equally riven.

Judith Pinhey

The Virgin of Guadalupe: a visit by James and Jennifer Day

There are a good number of places named Guadalupe, for example in California, Texas, Mexico, and the Philippines, not forgetting the former French colony in the Caribbean, Guadaloupe. All are named after the little town in Extremadura, the remotest part of Spain. The story begins in the early 14th century when a shepherd is supposed to have found a wooden image of the Virgin buried in a field. Around this grew up a monastery of some splendour, acquiring royal patronage, schools of grammar and medicine, three hospitals (one is now a *parador*) and a pharmacy and a large library. In one hospital the first human dissection in Spain took place in 1402. The Virgin of Guadalupe is one of the famous images in the Catholic world called the Black Madonna, the reason being her face has become dark after centuries of candle and lamp smoke.

The monastery became rich and the art works, manuscripts and decoration still seen there today are a treasure house. Extremadura, as we discovered on our recent holiday, is a vast sparsely populated place of small towns and scattered set-



The Black Madonna

tlements. You can see for miles from the various *sierras* across the plains dotted with cork oaks, holm oaks, pines and olives, under which graze sheep, goats and cattle. This is the region from which the *conquistadores* set out to seek fame, fortune and adventure on the other side of the Atlantic, returning with unimagined treasures and knowledge. On their return they came here to give thanks to the Virgin (Santa Maria de Guadalupe) for their safe deliverance. The monastery,



Baptism in the square below the church

reached by flights of steps, is situated on a steep hill and in the centre of the square below is a bowl brought from the Americas. In this were baptised Incas brought back from Peru, and local Jews. This scene is depicted in a *bas-relief* on the external wall of the monastery.

The day we visited was a Saturday. A series of loud bangs shattered the peace outside the church, and we remembered the Spanish custom of letting off rockets and firecrackers in the street before weddings. Smartly dressed guests were gathering on the shady side of the square in preparation for the wedding in the church later. The men were fairly dowdy and looked as though they had squeezed into their formal suits after putting on weight since the last time they wore it. The women were gorgeous fashion plates, in vibrant colours, with very short skirts and very high heels.

Entry to the church is at will, but to tour the monastery you have to go with a guide. The commentary is in Spanish, but for anyone not able to follow it there is plenty of visual interest to occupy one. The building is a fascinating conglomeration of styles: Moorish towers and keyhole arches sit happily with Romanesque and Gothic vaulting. Across a beautiful cool green cloister you can see this wonderful mishmash of architecture: turrets, carvings, and a large rose window. The tour of the monastery takes you into the rooms surround-

(Continued on page 9)

ing the cloister. There is a chapterhouse with 87 huge illuminated music manuscripts and the four-square music stands on which these vast tomes could be balanced so that the monks could cluster round. One of the rooms has walls that look like marble, but they are in fact made of a mixture of gesso, lacquer and wax to provide a good acoustic. I noted that this was the room in which I could most easily understand the Spanish commentary.

There is a gallery with works of art: carved altarpieces and crucifixes, statues and paintings, including works by Rubens, Zurbarán, Goya and El Greco. Another room has a display of magnifi-



The cloister

cent embroidered copes, vestments and altar frontals, much of which was done by various monks. There is even one set of vestments which was made out of cloaks that used to belong to the Spanish monarchs Ferdinand and Isabella. One of the most impressive rooms was the sacristy. I recognised the long narrow drawers in which vestments are kept, the same shape as those in the vestry at St James's, but there were dozens of them. There is also a richly gilded altar at one end and ornate mirrors strategically placed for robing correctly, and all up the walls and ceilings were swags of flowers with not an inch of undecorated space. We both remarked that Ian Rowland would love to spend a few days as sacristan in such a place.

After this our guide handed us over to a monk and we went up into a little room behind the altar of the main church. There we could see the screen which formed the back of the chair on which the statue of the Virgin sits. After an address to our group of visitors, he pressed a button and the seat rotated and we saw the little richly garbed statue

turn to face us, with the infant Jesus on her knee. People filed in reverently, touched her robe, kissed a silver-framed picture the monk was holding and left a donation. We did not take part in this, and I must say that, although I have happily been present at Catholic services in Spain and taken communion too, this was a ritual that neither of us felt comfortable with. We had earlier been shown one of the church treasures: a priceless crown and necklace of diamonds and emeralds, with which the Virgin is adorned on special feast days.

Once our tour was over, we went into the church itself. Mass had just ended, people were filing out, and visitors were filing in. We could see the statue of the Virgin (this time facing into the church) high up on the reredos. The church is richly ornamented, and we would have liked to go into the choir, situated behind a locked grill as is so often the case in Spanish churches, where it was said there were some fine misericords. It was only later that I discovered that the 16th century grill is made partly from the chains of freed slaves.

Guadalupe is still a focus for the Spanish-speaking world, and as we left in the afternoon with the temperature standing at 34° we passed a number of hot-looking pilgrims, mostly young, making their way up the steep wooded hillsides towards their goal. We wondered who they were and how far they had come.

Jennifer Day

Christian Meditation Group- a space for Silence in a busy world

Meets Fridays at 12.30 – 1.00 pm in the Study Centre

Suitable for beginners and experienced meditators.

Everyone is welcome. Contact Revd Jutta Brueck, if you are interested, or just come along.



...or, to put it more simply, perhaps we should see Him as the eschatological manifestation of the ground of our being; the ontological foundation of the context of our very selfhood revealed...

Snowy Farr

Many readers **will** remember encountering the colourful veteran fund-raiser Snowy Farr, who died in 2007. He would come into Cambridge city centre on a bicycle with a huge box at the front, dressed rather like Father Christmas wearing a top hat. But what a hat – live mice ran around the brim while a white cat (rabbit?)† sat on top, to the delight of children in the audience! In his time Snowy is said to have raised more than £125,000 for charities supporting people with sight difficulties. Our front cover shows a photograph of a new sculpture to be seen in front of the Cambridge Guildhall. In the words of the sculpture's creator Gary Gibbs "the abstract design was a fitting tribute to to Snowy's eccentric character whilst still being instantly recognisable".

RF

†Editorial recollection is that it was always a white rabbit— readers' comments would be welcome.

Music in Quiet Places

Friday 19 October, 7.30pm
All Saints Church, Haslingfield

Tir Eolas

A contemporary folk group play arrangements of traditional music from Ireland, Sweden, Brittany and Canada

Saturday 10 November, 7.30pm
St Mary's Church, Sawston

La Mer Trio

Harp, viola and flute feature in a programme of French music – Hannah Stone is the appointed Royal Harpist to HRH Prince of Wales

Other concerts are at Swaffham Prior (2/11/12) and Elsworth (23/11/12)

Book early, grab a cushion and do come along

To learn more please visit
www.cambridgesummermusic.com



Sawston and Haslingfield will be the nearest village churches at which to catch this engaging series of autumn concerts and will showcase young performers

Where is the Sun?

This was the year when spring forgot to spring
No joyful anticipation in the blackbird's singing
No promise of summer in the shy sun's shining
Just rain and cloud and damp and dull days of pining
There won't be days of sunshine 'til we make a change
'Til the place of the one who died for us we can rearrange
For a while the change of place will still seem strange
But all we are is Him, he is our centre and our being

Linda Appleby

Contacts at St James's Church

Priest in Charge The Rev'd Jutta Brueck
07958 360564 e-mail: jb200@cam.ac.uk

Jutta's appointment is half-time; she works in the Parish Wednesday-Friday and Sunday

Assistant Curate The Rev'd Dr Stephen Plant
(vacations only) 335248 e-mail sjp27@cam.ac.uk

Associate Priest The Rev'd Debbie Ford

Churchwardens Edward Westrip, 240596
Allison Clenaghan, 263848

Director of Music : John Clenaghan, 263848

Church Office 246419, Mon & Thurs
9.15 am - 1.45 pm

e-mail: stjameschurchcambridge@yahoo.co.uk

Church & Community Activities

Choir practice: (Mon) Juniors 6.15pm, Seniors 6.45pm

Parents & Toddlers (Thurs) Wendy Lane, 244850

Brownies (7-10 yrs) QES Kate Bolton
<40thbrownies@gmail.com>

Group Scout Leader Steve O'Keefe 570713

Section Leaders

Beavers (6-8 yrs) Brendan Murrill
07561 137493

Cubs (8-11 yrs) at QE School Stephen Harrison,
07548 765421

Scouts (10½+ yrs) at QES

Rowan Pashley
07876 260660

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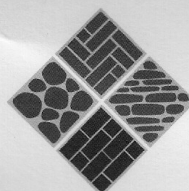
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St James's Church, Cambridge Calendar for October-November

October

3 rd	10.15 am	Eucharist at Dunstan Court
4 th	9.30 am	Morning Prayer
5 th	9.30 am	Morning Prayer
	12.30 pm	Meditation Group
7th	HARVEST FESTIVAL	
	8.00 am	Eucharist (BCP)
	10.00 am	All Age Eucharist
		<i>The Traidcraft stall will be open after both services</i>
	12.30 pm	Harvest Bring & Share Lunch
10 th	10.15 am	Eucharist
11 th	9.30 am	Morning Prayer
12 th	9.30 am	Morning Prayer
	12.30 pm	Meditation Group
	10.45 am	Hymn Service at Hinton Grange Care Home
13 th	10.30 am	Coffee Morning
14th	19th SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY	
	8.00 am	Eucharist
	10.00 am	Sung Eucharist with Sunday School
17 th	10.15 am	Eucharist
18 th	9.30 am	Morning Prayer
19 th	9.30 am	Morning Prayer
	12.30 pm	Meditation Group
21st	20th SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY	
	8.00 am	Eucharist
	10.00 am	Sung Eucharist with Sunday School
24 th	10.15 am	Eucharist
25 th	9.30 am	Morning Prayer
26 th	9.30 am	Morning Prayer
	12.30 pm	Meditation Group
28th	SIMON AND JUDE, APOSTLES (Half-term week)	
	8.00 am	Eucharist
	10.00 am	Eucharist with Sunday School & 4 th Sunday Group
31 st	10.15 am	Eucharist

November

1 st	9.30 am	Morning Prayer
2 nd	9.30 am	Morning Prayer
4th	ALL SAINTS DAY / 4th Sunday before Advent	
	8.00 am	Eucharist (BCP)
	10.00 am	All Age Eucharist
		<i>The Traidcraft stall will be open today after both services</i>
	4.00 pm	All Souls' Service
7 th	10.15 am	Eucharist at Dunstan Court
8 th	9.30 am	Morning Prayer
9 th	9.30 am	Morning Prayer
	12.30 pm	Meditation Group

11th REMEMBRANCE SUNDAY**3rd Sunday before Advent**

	8.00 am	Eucharist
	10.00 am	Sung Eucharist with Sunday School
14 th	10.15 am	Eucharist
	8.00 pm	PCC Meeting
15 th	<i>Church in use as Polling Station for election of Cambridgeshire Police & Crime Commissioner</i>	
16 th	9.30 am	Morning Prayer
	10.45 am	Hymn Service at Hinton Grange Care Home
	12.30 pm	Meditation Group
17 th	Christmas Fair (time to be confirmed)	

18th 2nd SUNDAY BEFORE ADVENT

	8.00 am	Eucharist
	10.00 am	Sung Eucharist with Sunday School
21 st	10.15 am	Eucharist
22 nd	9.30 am	Morning Prayer
23 rd	9.30 am	Morning Prayer
	12.30 pm	Meditation Group

25th CHRIST THE KING**Sunday next before Advent**

	8.00 am	Eucharist
	10.00 am	Sung Eucharist with Sunday School & 4 th Sunday Group
28 th	10.15 am	Eucharist
29 th	9.30 am	Morning Prayer
30 th	9.30 am	Morning Prayer
	12.30 pm	Meditation Group

December

1st	10.00 am	Stir-up Saturday children's event (prior booking required)
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SERVICES**Sunday****8.00 a.m. Eucharist****10 a.m. Parish Eucharist** (All-age Eucharist: 1st Sunday of the month)**Wednesday****10.15 a.m. Eucharist** (last Weds. of month: St Dunstan's Court)**Thursday and Friday****9.30 a.m. Morning Prayer****DEADLINE FOR THE DECEMBER 2012****ISSUE of CROSSPIECE****Thursday 14th November**

The Editors welcome articles, news items and photographs for inclusion in the magazine. If possible these should be in digital form, photos and words in separate files. However we can accept typed or handwritten items and photographic prints.